

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME 11
NUMBER 12

Paul Flanders
Drawer 7

MAY 1, 1929

FIVE CENTS



THE HAND OF BUHLIG

from a sculpture by Gaston La Chaise

ON FRIDAY, BUHLIG

Richard Buhlig, playing on Friday evening of this week at the Theatre of the Golden Bough under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society, is one of the Bach-Beethoven authorities of the world. His performance of the Hammer-Klavier Sonata is without parallel.

His subject is, The Continuity of the Idea in Three Centuries of Music. Here follows the program:

BACH PARTITA IN C MINOR

Sinfonia
Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Rondeau
Capriccio

BEETHOVEN OPUS 110, SONATA IN A FLAT MAJOR

Moderato cantabile molto espressivo
Allegro molto
Adagio, ma non troppo
Fuga

THE MODERNS

DEBUSSY

ET LA LUNE DESCEND SUR LA TEMPLE QUI FUT
SCRIABIN

OPUS 74, FIVE PRELUDES

Douloureux, déchirant
Tres lent, contemplatif
Allegro, drammatico
Lent, vague, indecis
Fier, belliqueux

HINDEMITH

OPUS 37, "TRIO"

CHAVEZ

SONATINA

FASCISM DISCUSSED

It was in itself a highly interesting group which met last Saturday at the Carmelite luncheon at the Old Cabin Inn to hear Professor Gaetano Salvemini, noted Italian opponent of Mussolini, speak on why he opposes Fascism.

The listeners included liberals, conservatives, radicals, a German modernist, an Irish revolutionary, and at least one able supporter of the Mussolini dictatorship.

The lecture by Professor Salvemini was brilliant rather than profound. Although as a professor of Modern History he has

the facts, economic and other, at his fingertips, he spared his audience most of them, perhaps assuming of them a fairly accurate knowledge of the facts of Italian history since the dictatorship began.

All dictatorships fail in the end, believes Dr. Salvemini,—although some dictators

die before the fact is apparent. The dictatorship must be considered in the light of two general situations,—first, the psychological aftermath of the war, a sort of post-war neurasthenia. Second, the economic dislocation following the war.

The post-war restlessness was labelled "Bolshevism", by the people who were panic-stricken. But it is not advisable, the lecturer pointed out, to take the word of people either in a blue funk, or under the influence of too much wine. "Bolshevism" was simply the label given by people in a panic.

Salvemini opposes Fascism because it deprives him of the right to grumble. He put it lightly thus, but the statement is actually a facile phrasing of his objection to dictatorships in general. Before the dictatorship he was permitted to protest if the railroad service was inefficient. Now if he protests he is put in prison. He prefers bad railroads plus the right to complain, to good railroads and no such right.

Now, however, he points out, if the harvest is bad, the weather is responsible; if it is good, Mussolini receives the credit. Whereas actually no one individual can be held responsible for the health and well-being, the economic or social conditioning, of forty million people.

Italy is now passing through a severe financial crisis as a result of the Mussolini policy. The United States, through the Morgan banks, has made huge loans to the dictatorship within the last years; and if for any reason the people of this country should refuse to duplicate such loans in the next two years, the Mussolini regime would fall, predicted Salvemini.

When asked what Mussolini's policy and plans for the future are, Professor Salvemini said, "In my opinion he has no economic or political plans. He seems to live from day to day."

Lincoln Steffens commented upon the fact of the incompleteness of our freedom here. The flag salute is enforced here as well as in Italy.

"That may be," answered Salvemini. "I do not say your country is a heaven. I say it is a purgatory, while Fascist Italy is an Inferno."

In Italy all control of the party in power is suppressed. Unsatisfactorily as our American electoral system may be, the dynastic method of Europe is worse.

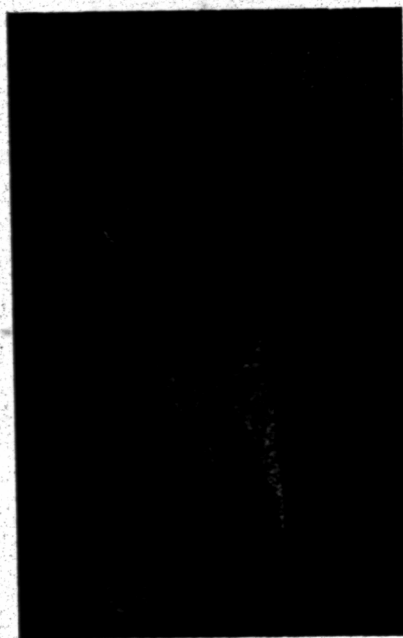
Professor Salvemini has himself had a fiery career because of his convictions. He resigned his professorship at the University of Florence because of the requirement to salute in the name of the Fascism he abhorred.

What the Latin temperament lacks in profundity, it makes up in ardor. The lecture on Saturday was full of fire, wit, intensity, and the charm of a man of cul-

ture. The audience felt the communication of this first fire, and a somewhat general discussion followed. It had been rather hoped that Lincoln Steffens, whose views are opposed to those of Professor Salvemini, would make some counter-statement. He confined himself, however, to a few questions, because of the lateness of the hour.

Forty-two people sat down to the luncheon, and at least that many crowded in afterward, while some were turned away for lack of room.

THE WEISSHAUS COURSE BEGINS



Imre Weisshaus begins his course in the appreciation of contemporary music next Monday evening the sixth at the residence of the Henry F. Dickinsons on the Point.

Weisshaus has spent the last month in the north preparing the materials of this course, adding to his already broad repertoire the music of many nations. Not only piano work, but parts of orchestral and chamber works will be included in his discussion illustrating the direction of musical development. European, Indo-Russian, American, South American music, —even jazz, will be heard. It is a vast panorama of sound, interpreting life, which this young modern intellectual presents to us.

SILVER CUP THE LATEST FLOWER SHOW PRIZE

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lester of the Garden Nurseries, Monterey, have offered a silver cup to be awarded for the best display of six roses, the roses to be alike or different.

HINTS TO CONTESTANTS

Mr. Lester has the following hints to offer to contestants: "Cut roses are judged for size, color, stem, form, substance and foliage. By noting these points one can easily select suitable exhibition bloom.

"See that the bloom is in the proper stage

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

May

We. May Day.

1 Fr. Open house all day at the Douglas School, 3 Pebble Beach.

Fr. Richard Buhlig—in piano recital, Theatre 3 of the Golden Bough at 8:30. Auspices of the Carmel Music Society. Tickets on sale at the Seven Arts Press.

Su. W. I. L. Meeting. Residence of Mrs. Helen 5 Deusner. Barbara Alderton Calley speaking on Youth and Peace.

Mo. Imre Weisshaus in the first of his series 6 on The Appreciation of Contemporary Music. H. F. Dickinson residence on The Point at 8:00.

Monthly meeting of the Woman's Club at Pine Inn at 2:30.

We. Max Panteleieff, baritone, and Harold 8 Griffin, pianist, in recital. Greene studio.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB CALENDAR

Monthly Club Meeting—May 6 at 2:30, Pine Inn.

Garden Section—May 2 at 10:30 a. m. at Mrs. Sevilla Ford's, 11th. and Junipero.

May 10—Flower Show. The Court of El Paseo.

May 16—Meeting place to be announced later.

Book Section—May 8 and 22, at 10:30 A. M. residence of Mrs. Sevilla H. Ford, 11th. and Junipero.

of development so it will appear at its best; and it is best to gather the bloom the evening before the Show, or even the morning of the day previous to the Show, providing you pick it in the opening bud stage. Then keep it in a dark and cool place, and it will be at its best when judged in the Show.

"By disbudding, where your roses have the habit of forming more than one terminal bud on a stalk, you can have larger and more perfect flowers. This should be done when the buds are in their early stage of development. See that you cut your exhibition blooms with long enough stems, and that the foliage is clean and free from defects. It is permissible to "clean" your exhibition blooms, by removing any outer faulty petals of the bloom. Put your exhibition blooms in as simple containers as possible."

Mr. Lester says that the great good in a Flower Show comes from full participation by amateur gardeners. He claims that the Monterey Peninsula is full of these and he urges all to exhibit their blooms for their own sake, for the sake of their neighbors, and of their fellow gardeners.

FIELD DAY AT THE DOUGLAS SCHOOL

In Pebble Beach there is a school luxuriously set. It specializes in sports and sportsmanship. On Friday May third of this week it will hold a Field Day to which all interested are invited.

YOUTH AND PEACE

The May meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held at the home of Mrs. Helen Deusner, Santa Fe and Second Avenues on Sunday, May 5th at eight o'clock.

Barbara Alderton Calley will have the evening's program in charge and will speak on the subject of Youth and Peace. There have grown up in America and in the various countries of Europe organizations among the young people which voice their emphatic objections to militarism and war and their adherence to a system of arbitration and conciliation and good will.

Mrs. Calley will trace the development of these movements and their significance to the work of peace.

The Women's International League extends a special invitation to the young people to attend Sunday night's meeting.

MAY DAY

In England, ribbon-wound maypoles and Morris dancing on the village green.

In Russia, memory of historic riots and revolutions, oppression of the peasants by the old monarchy.

In New York City, the march of workers to commemorate history.

Everywhere symbols of rising and uprising.

* * * *

But in the Carmel Valley, May Day is simply May Day. From Hatton Fields, and up toward the Big Sur, and on the hill over the grade to Salinas, there is bacchanalian riot. Bud and bloom and color. Bursting bud and honeyed bloom, and bees ecstatic among the color. No cessation from year to year or century to century of the largess of spring, the fertility of the earth.

We here in our little cabins, our wooden cottages, live close to earth and the fertility of earth. Our feet touch the soil when we walk. No concrete pavements to intervene between us.

Half of us scarcely know what the year's or the season's clothing fashions are; and most of us fail in the matter of shoe-shines.

Well, we must be barbarians, that is clear.

Submit to our nature then.

Out into the valley then,—join the bacchanale.

In the little glades by the river, strip among the blue lupine and the wild strawberry. If the memory of cities has grown dim in us, untaming us again, we shall be unafraid. We shall dance again a wild dance, and sing as we pass under the willow-bushes, stepping lightly upon pebbles in the clear water of the little stream.

PANTELEIEFF AND GRIFFIN

Max Pantaleieff, baritone, leaves this month for New York to meet engagements there. In farewell to his friends in Carmel he therefore offers a recital on Wednesday evening of the coming week at the Greene studio. He will sing French and Russian songs and portions from several operas. The program will be announced in complete detail next week.

Sharing the program with Mr. Pantaleieff is Harold Griffin, pianist, who will play the following groups:

Bach-Busoni . . Chaconne
Brahms . . Intermezzo
Debussy . . Reflets dans l'Eau
Wagner-Liszt . . Liebestod from Tristan and Isolde

FIRE ALARM

During the night,—last Monday,—the fire alarm; the siren whiffing; the fire engines thundering down through the town. Heads are lifted from pillows and ears cocked. The sound has double menace at night.

Later on, more sirens and more thunder.

What was it all about?

We learned the next day. A brush fire at Monte Verde and Second left by workmen at the end of the day, had smoldered back into a blaze. The Filipino boy at Pine Inn, when the alarm came in, got the telephone directions a little mixed, and sent the fire department in the wrong direction. The engines had to dash about a bit hunting for the blaze before they got really settled down.

Members of the fire department will consider it a personal favor if citizens will see that brush fires are altogether out before deserting them at night.

GOOD SENSE IN EDUCATORS

Mrs. Hester Schoeninger, of the Sunset School Board, together with Mrs. Henry Dickinson, and Mrs. Schuyler of the Pacific Grove School Board, and Mrs. Zaches from the School Board of Seaside, has gone for a trip south to visit schools and see some of the music teaching being done in Santa Barbara. The music in the schools of that city is taught under the direction of a teacher who has studied at the Concord School of Music, held every summer in Massachusetts by Thomas Whitney Surette.

Personal Bits . . .

Mr. W. W. Wheeler is in the Carmel Hospital recuperating from a surgical adventure successfully met on Saturday; and will remain there for three weeks.

With Professor Salvemini at the Carmelite luncheon on Saturday was Mr. Joseph Ettor, long ago the object of industrial and political persecution. Not in Italy, but in our own country.

Long before the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he, together with the poet Arturo Giovanitti, was arrested at the time of a textile strike in Lawrence.

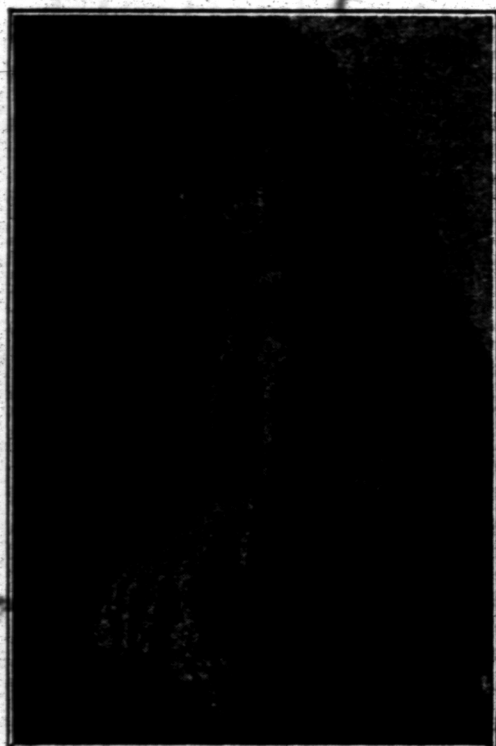
They were both the victim of a frame-up, conducted in the same state, Massachusetts the cradle of liberty; convicted of the murder of a woman of whose death they were no more guilty than were Sacco and Vanzetti. They were sentenced to death, and finally to life imprisonment. If Massachusetts had then been as completely dominated politically by business interests as it is now, they would both be as dead as are Sacco and Vanzetti.

From Shoshone, California, comes word from Anne Martin. She and Dr. Long were not able to take their projected trip into Mexico, because of the revolution, although they crossed the border once.

Somebody has sent a sheaf of last year's Carmelites to Elsa Mehlmann in Moscow. It will be remembered that she lectured here a year ago before the W. I. L. on her Russian experiences,—immediately capturing her hearers and their affections. A glowing simple personality, reflecting the idealism of the new Russia. (She comes from Berkeley really; but idealism is contagious.)

Having returned to Russia, she is again teaching. This time not children, but grownups. But "grownups, however charming," she writes, "have already been damaged beyond repair by our old educational system . . . yet I am very much enjoying teaching my grown-up children here in Moscow. I am quite in love with the Russian personality . . . even that of the Red Army staff officers, not to mention my groups of students (university extension) who passionately discuss the meaning of art. I shall read them Dora Hagemeyer's article in the Carmelite on 'Giving up Art.'" (Horrors! American propaganda in the Russian Socialist Republic! Cannot the postal department do something about this?)

RICHARD BUHLIG



RICHARD BUHLIG

PIANIST
IN
LECTURE
RECITAL

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
EXTRA SERIES CONCERT
FRIDAY, MAY 3, AT 8:30
THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
TICKETS

AT THE THEATRE
ON SALE
TUES. APRIL 30
11 to 5 DAILY
\$1.00 TO \$2.00

MAX PANTELEIEFF baritone

and

HAROLD GRIFFIN pianist

IN RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8
AT THE GREENE STUDIO
ADMISSION A DOLLAR

Furniture can be hospitable

Get it at the

Climax Furniture Company

Phone 80 Opposite Hotel San Carlos Monterey

The Theater

THE THEATER GUILD IN DUNSANY AND STRINDBERG

Presenting two plays of the desert, each dealing with the peculiar magic of the desert in its effect upon the human beings who surrender to it,—the Carmel Theater Guild offered its first spring production last week at the Carmel Playhouse.

It is difficult in such a theater as the Carmel Playhouse to produce an imaginative poetic play with any satisfactory degree of illusion. Annchen von Gaal is, however, equal to this, at least to the extent that her excellent sense of composition in gesture, and her dynamic vibrant acting, carried past and through the unconvincingness of the shallow stage. (A double gauze of green and blue, or purple, stretched between stage and audience would have made illusion possible, and even given a sense of depth and space. We urge this for future productions.)

The poetic play has a peculiar value for the actor... It is a medium more nearly real than most fantasy, for wish fulfillment... Men who in real life must go all day with legs encased in tubes of serge, go about in the robes of saffron or of purple, with long majestic strides, such as their secret spirits crave. Gesture and voice, whose style convention ordinarily cramps, go large and free... The man whose daily life is narrowly hemmed in, becomes the king, the poet, the great lover.

It is more difficult to perform this office of wish-fulfilment for the audience, since this requires illusion. In order to achieve this, the audience must be completely transported. A second difficulty is that the sophistication and the ready satire of modern audiences provides a challenge to the actor difficult to meet, a wall to surmount.

The play by Dunsany is romantic, written with arrestingly poetic rhythms, peculiarly satisfying to play. Herbert Heron as king was alive to these poetic values, which he set against a background of felicitously-chosen costume-color. Eskil Hoberg and Robert Scott, as also Jack Flauner, his beauty strikingly set off by dark coloring, also kept intact the sense of picture and visual composition.

Sonia Noskowiak as the beloved was perhaps a little shy for a gypsy; but nevertheless charm lay underneath.

The tragedy "Simoon" by Strindberg was dynamically acted by Annchen von Gaal and Clay Otto; but the part of Guimard is one peculiarly difficult to execute convincingly. On the little stage Raymond Carey seemed to tower giant-like, all out of proportion to its narrow limits. To move violently within the limits of so small a stage requires the coordination, the sense of space composition of a dancer.

Herbert Heron and Robert Scott, in choosing to produce poetic plays, cause perfection to be required of them. The poetic play must be flawlessly produced. This is difficult and improbable. In this case taste seems somewhat to have outrun execution. We do not, for instance, hold it against these gentlemen that not all of their cast can speak the sort of English our ears desire to hear. We cannot ask of them that they import their total cast from Oxford or Cambridge, or require of them the taking of courses in Greek reading with Gilbert Murray. Or even that all of them shall be graduates of Harvard.

We merely wish they could all speak. And as for the setting, we merely wish, in the case of act two of *Tents of the Arabs*... but Eddie O'Brien, who made this setting, told us, when we approached him in complaint, how good it was, and just what made it good. And if the very author of the act knows it's good, and says so, why doesn't that settle it?

IN SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

In the south, "Strange Interlude," and in the north "The Front Page;" and before that, "The Cherry Orchard" of Chekov. It has been a theatre season recently of some dignity, shattered across by the shriek of Ben Hecht's brilliantly dirty play. Those who dislike "The Front Page" cannot believe that life anywhere is actually like that. Those who know that it is, find in its utter freedom from inhibitions a release by way of honesty.

O'Neill's play deals with two worlds which touch little,—the world of life as it is "behaved"; the world of life as it is privately lived within. These are not even tangent spheres. They exist in separate dimensions of experience.

GEORGE STONE ON VISUAL EDUCATION

The auditorium of the Pine Inn was crowded on Thursday evening to hear George Stone lecture under auspices of the Open Forum of the Woman's Club. In the absence through illness of Miss Helen Rosencranz, Mrs. Nye presided.

Mr. Stone spoke upon the value of visual education and showed illustrative examples of films taken by him and his associates in the Visual Education Service of which he is director. This now has its studios in Carmel.

Mr. Stone is a trained biologist, and his motive in his work is scientific as well as educational. There is an infinite difference between the commercial and the educational film,—the difference between production for profit, and production for use.

He showed films concerned with such varied subjects as the history of flying,

from Icarus and Leonardo to the present time; the development of the frog and the butterfly; the life of the malaria mosquito, factual and diagrammatic; the development of embryos.

Visual Education Service is a non-profit organization in need of financial support. It has had a year's full subsidization by one individual, and now looks for further aid to expand its usefulness. Its first large use was during the World War, when Mr. Stone lectured at army camps on biology... Since then, schools, university research departments, and individuals have made use of this pictured research. an imposing list of university presidents and men of affairs heads its advisory board.

EDITORIAL AMBITION AND A BRIGHT IDEA

The editor of the Carmelite was the other day the recipient of a rebuke from the imperial Augustus, none other than our own Chief of Police of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea California.

"You are the worst parker in town!" he thundered, adding something we had rather not remember about this being the last courtesy ticket he would give; the next time, arrest and a fine!

We have now one great ambition,—to be only the next-to-the-worst parker in town. And in proof of the seriousness of this ambition we will give one year's subscription to the Carmelite without cost, to the driver who parks worse than we do.

Good heavens, Chief, this isn't contempt of court or something, is it? We are all for obeying the law; but this seemed the only way we could think of, for the moment, of improving our parking.

On second thought, we suggest the alternative that the city council order a portion of Dolores Street right opposite the Post Office marked purple or something, and designated as for the exclusive use of The Carmelite. In this way we should be spared the embarrassment of having to edge our car in where there isn't room for it, and Judge Fraser saved the annoyance of fining us the next time we are caught.

But no! We have a happy thought! Why not be democratic about this? It seems a little unfair that the Carmelite should be the exclusive possessor of such a privilege. In order to avoid the nervous wear and tear of attempting to park lawfully in front of the post office at busy hours of the day, why not allot to each citizen a specific parking space, marked with his monogram and fingerprints; also his car license number applied in his favorite colors? We could then find each other for conversational purposes far more readily than now; and in all probability the number of casualties caused by middle-of-the-street conversations would be diminished.



OLD CABIN INN

SPECIAL CHOW MEIN
for
THURSDAY LUNCHEON
fifty cents

PHONE — 166-W

DOLORES BAKERY

Baking
done in the
cleanest way
by electricity

Dolores Street

AT THE MYRA B. SHOP

costume jewelry
novelty and
semi-precious

STUDIO BUILDING ON DOLORES
Telephone Carmel 66-J

"If wine and beer were permitted the free people of America, perhaps civic debauchery, bootlegging, drunkenness and crime would have been averted."

—So writes JAMES D. PHELAN, ex-Senator of the United States, in the April issue of The San Franciscan.

Other outstanding contributors to the current issue include

Peter B. Kyne

Charles Caldwell Dobie

Elva Williams

One year subscription \$2.50
Single Copy 25 cents
At Slevin's in Carmel

SAN FRANCISCAN

Sharon Building,
San Francisco, California

FIVE NEW COTTAGES

at the head of Ocean Avenue.
designed by Hugh Comstock.
equipped with many clever
and delightful conveniences.

FOR SALE AT COST

W. O. SWAIN, owner

Telephone

Carmel 692

The Carmel Bakery



DELICIOUS FOODS
MADE OF THE
VERY BEST
MATERIALS

Phone 331

Ocean Avenue

4^{cts} worth of electricity cooks the dinner for 4 people

About 1c per person, less than the price of the coffee itself—that's the AVERAGE cost of cooking a family's meal with an electric range. Perhaps you never believed it to be so economical.

But remember, the electric rates were cut about a year ago. And today the price of electricity is below the price of electricity in the year 1914, although the cost of other things rose skyward as you well know.

What is the monthly cost?

A survey among our customers' accounts shows that the AVERAGE sum paid by our customers for cooking electrically, including lighting and small appliances, is but \$5.76 per month! An amazing low price for modern comfort, cleanliness and perfect baking.

Come in to our office or a dealer's store and see these modern electric ranges that are so reasonable to operate.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

P. G. and E.
Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

This evening May first we shall present to the City Council of Carmel a petition already presented last February. It concerns the matter of legal advertising in the newspapers of Carmel.

There are two newspapers in Carmel,—one an old household favorite, the Pine Cone, fourteen years old, a flourishing country newspaper with a distinct and individual charm of its own; and the other the upstart Carmelite, only fourteen or so months old,—yet with an earnestness and an intention to achieve a quality, a service, all its own.

The Pine Cone and the Carmelite are writing for somewhat different audiences. The desirable thing would be to escape all conflict or competition. It is only in this matter of legal advertising that our relationship smacks at all of cannibalism.

There is in fact a suggestion of burglary, technically correct though we are, in demanding from the City Council the deflecting to us of legal advertising which has been a source of profit to the Pine Cone for most of its fourteen years.

We base our right to this burglary upon a technicality (which makes it all the worse): namely, that the law demands that legal notices and city advertising shall be published in any city in the newspaper of general circulation which is printed and published in that city; that only where there is no newspaper so printed and published shall it be printed in any other paper.

On Thursday April twenty-fifth last, 1929, Judge Jorgenson of the County Court in Salinas decreed The Carmelite such a newspaper of legal existence, since it is a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in Carmel; and so regularly printed and published for a period of over a year.

The Carmelite is therefore the only newspaper in Carmel in which the printing of legal notices or city advertising has any validity; and in no other newspaper,—were its editor the brother of our Mayor, sister to the City Attorney, and first cousin of each other member of the City Council,—would it fulfill the requirements of the law.

We are glad that the loss of such advertising, profitable as its higher rates make it, will not at all cripple the Pine Cone, which is well established and has a margin of far greater profit than we; and our memory still treasures the goodwill of the remark made to us by the editor of the Pine Cone when we said, fearfully and a little sorrowfully, that night we first made our petition to the City Council, "Perry, we are going to try and take the legal advertising from you tonight."

"O that's all right," said Perry. "You're welcome to it, and there's no hard feelings about it at all."

HAROLD GRIFFIN

ADVANCED STUDENTS OF
PIANO, OR NOVICES
TELEPHONE, CARMEL 127

VASIL ANIKEEFF STUDIO OF THE VOICE

MISSION NEAR TWELFTH
Telephone 441-R

EDWARD WESTON CAMERA PORTRAITS

Telephone Carmel 782

C A R M E L ART ASSOCIATION

PAINTINGS BY
FOSTER FLINT
MAY 4 TO 16

EXHIBITION

2:00 - 5:00

SEVEN ARTS COURT

STUDIO OF INTERIOR DECORATION

ZANETTA CATLETT AND
KENNEDY OWEN
SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

The Arts . . .

"PUTTING OVER ART"

Paul Jordan Smith is a novelist and not a painter. In fact he knows nothing about painting. But it is unnecessary, he maintains and has demonstrated, to know anything about it in order to win the applause of certain of the "modernists" in the world of art.

So wrote Alma Whitaker in the Los Angeles Times when his International art "hoax" was uncovered. And although this is old stuff now we quote the rest of the tale, by request:

It all came about when his wife, Sara Bixby Smith, who is a portrait painter, entered a picture which was described by critics as "distinctly of the old school". Until that day he had never had a paint brush in his hand, but he called for canvas and paints and amused himself that evening by producing a futurist . . . impressionist . . . kindergarten . . . canvas in riotous color which he called "Yes, We Have No Bananas." It showed a woman of the South Sea islands with a great mouthful of bananas, triumphantly holding aloft the rest of the fruit. A skull lurks in the background.

"That", he said, "is very modern." And having achieved satire, he used the picture for a fire-screen.

Soon afterward an earnest young man came to visit, and promptly mistook Paul's masterpiece for a Gauguin. "Pretty crude. I can't see anything in it myself," said Paul.

But the young man demurred.

That was the wedge's thin edge. When the exhibition of the Independents was held in New York that year at the Waldorf-Astoria, Paul decided to enter his banana opus. He changed his name to Pavel Jordanovitch, altered the title of his masterpiece to "Exaltation," and the game was on. He put an impossible price upon it, not to trap an innocent buyer.

Within a few weeks Pavel received a letter from the "Revue du Vrai du Beau," an art journal published in France. It professed interest in his remarkable picture, and begged for the artist's interpretation thereof, and also his biography. It meantime published a reproduction of the picture, declaring "Pavel Jordanovitch is not satisfied to follow ordinary paths. He prefers to explore the heights and, if necessary the abysses . . ."

Mr. Smith gurgled with a naughty delight over this, and promptly sent his biography and a portrait. For the purposes of the latter he grew a beard and looked very Russian. He manufactured a new interpretation of his picture. It

represented the breaking of the shackles of womanhood. The lady had just slaughtered the missionary, represented by the skull. She was very hungry. Women were forbidden to eat bananas on that island. She had just taken a luscious bite and was waving the banana skin in triumphant freedom.

All of which was duly printed in the next edition of *Revue du Vrai et du Beau*.

Meantime the game was too good to spoil. So Paul painted another picture called "Aspiration"—showing a cullud lady at the washboard, with a shirt and a pair of socks hanging up on the clothes line. Her hands are immersed in suds,—Mr. Smith protesting that painting hands was not in his line. He entered this in the No-Jury Exhibition in Chicago at Marshall Field's. Out of 480 entries, The Art World of Chicago selected this one to reproduce and discourse upon favorably. It again received enthusiastic notice in *L'Art Contemporaine*. Lena McCauley, art critic of Chicago, declared it "a delightful mixture, a jumble of Gauguin, Pop Hart, and negro minstrelsy with a lot of Jordanovitch personality."

Two more pictures were to follow,—"Adoration," and "Illumination." *La Revue Moderne* thereupon writes, "The post-impressionists are among the spiritual masters of our painters, notably Gauguin who, like Jordanovitch, got most of his impression from the islands of the Pacific. We note also that Jordanovitch is an admirer of Goya, whom he often resembles in expressive force, in dramatic instinct and satirical bitterness."

In the end, Paul Jordan Smith, having exposed the poseurs and the timid critics, decided that the game should end. He was much amused that France, the citadel of art, fell the hardest; and considers that he has proved his long-held contention that many critics of today know very little about art, and are afraid to criticize rubbish as rubbish.

FOSTER FLINT ON EXHIBIT

The Carmel Art Association announces an exhibit of paintings in the Carmel Art Gallery by Foster Flint. Flint is widely known as a colorist of desert light. His work is highly keyed. The exhibit begins on the fourth and lasts for two weeks.

PIANIST'S HAND

The portrait of Richard Buhlig's hand is from a plaster cast made by the French sculptor Gaston La Chaise. Several years ago La Chaise asked if he might make a study of this hand. In 1928 a sitting was arranged. When the time came La Chaise did, not the hand, but the head. A year later, he asked the pianist to sit again, and made this arresting work.

La Chaise says he has never seen so dynamic a hand; and plans to do the left one at the end of this year, when Buhlig is again in New York. The three pieces are then to be set in bronze and placed on permanent exhibit in New York with other works of the sculptor.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL · BY · THE · SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

Abolish the City Planning Commission,
say you?

By all means, say we,—even though Paul
Flanders never spake to us again! By all
means abolish it.

Only . . . does it exist? The ancient phil-
osopher said, "where there is no motion
there is no being."

Our City Planning Commission long ago
ceased perceptible motion. (Or does it
sometimes still twitch in its sleep, remem-
bering olden times when City Planning
was still city planning?)

* * * *

The technical existence of a City Planning
Board which does not function is the
greatest possible bar to any real planning
work. We do want in Carmel to do some
real planning. We want to discuss parks
and recreation; architecture and architect-
ural control; the making of a unified plan
for the eventual city buildings,—the city
hall and the firehouse and the post office.
We want to plan the community as an
organism instead of an accidental assem-
blage. Clear away the dead underbrush,
Mr. Mayor. Give us a new Commission.

REMINDER

We do well to keep before us the fact of
the Sunset School Bond vote on the four-
teenth of this month.

An increase of understanding of the real-
ity of the school's needs would follow a
visit to the school. The Sunset School is
cordial to visitors. It is, in addition, an
exceedingly interesting thing to observe
the school in session. We are perhaps
too much outside the school world. Yet
this is an age in which we might well
enter into it.

An hour or two spent in and about the
class-rooms, the carpenter-shop, the clas-
ses in music and in rhythms, will illumin-
ate parent and voter. What is being done.
What is needed.

LEGISLATING AGAINST THE WEATHER

The summer fogs have descended early
upon Carmel this year; but up the valley
it is sunlit, warm.

We are told that it is the warmth in the
two valleys, on either side of the penin-
sula, which draws the fog to the shores.
A strange phenomenon at night serves
to confirm this. In Carmel, at two in the
mornings when elsewhere it is coldest,
the air is clear and warm. Sleepers awake
to throw off a cover or two. Why? The
warmth has left the valley for the night,—
and the fog has lifted.

Men do move mountains and divert
streams. It ought to be easy enough for
any good weather engineer to alter this
foggy conditioning of the Carmel coast
by the valleys,—block or alter the suction
in some way,—cause cross-currents by
splitting through the mountains on either
side if necessary. If the reprehensible
habits of our summer climate can be im-
proved upon and made equal in delight
to the beauty of our landscape, why then
let us summon some good physical geog-
rapher or professional weatherist, and beg
him to set to.

Correspondence

O P M

Taxpayers of Carmel who may be feeling
puzzled or distressed by assessments for
the re-paving of San Carlos, get an earful
of this and such comfort as you may.

First let it be told that it will get you
nothing but the loss of time to try to find
means of avoiding payment. Pay up, but
learn your lesson so that you won't need
to pay still again without having learned
it. You would find that the Council had
done several acts in a sketchy manner, tho
not necessarily illegal.

THE CARMELITE, May 1, 1929

For example, examine the notices posted
upon your property before the proposed
improvement work was instituted,—the
large placards headed, Notice of Improve-
ment. This notice is a copy of the Reso-
lution of Intention,—the foundation or
starting point of any piece of public work,
—and is required by law to be posted
variously within the area the Council has
determined shall be assessed to pay for
the work.

You will observe that this is Resolution
number 418, and that it has rescinded
number 417. Number 417 had already,
—as required by law,—been published in
the Pine Cone of August 24, 1928, but
number 417 contained a vital error in
the description of the area purposed to be
taxed. Number 417 was signed by
Mayor, Councilmen and City Clerk. Num-
ber 418, the Resolution under which the
work was carried out and under which
you are being assessed, was never signed
by the Mayor and Council, nor attested
by the City Clerk. Nor is it signed to
this day. Nor did the City Clerk "cause
this resolution," Number 418, "to be pub-
lished twice in the Carmel Pine Cone," as
required by law. However, it got itself
published so that every interested prop-
erty owner could see the intention of the
Council if he took the trouble to read it;
and that is main point. That the Council
and Clerk's failure to sign has any legal
effect I doubt. A resolution "passed" by a
body legally constituted to pass it should
be legal without signing or seals. It would
ness corporation, and there is no funda-
mental reason why it should be anywise
different in a City Council,—even in this
State of jumbled statutes.

So that's that. And every property owner
concerned had plenty of time to prove
that the basis of the Resolution, "That
the public interest and convenience re-
quire****that the following work be
done," was or was not the fact. Of
course we know now from the howls
of practically all assessed that it was not.
Being a Resolution of Intention in "Public
interest and convenience" is a device of
politicians for starting a paving job over
the protests of a majority of the owners
of abutting property. It was employed
in the case of the paving Carpenter Street
and the Ocean Avenue hill. This work
was done over protests all but universal,
except from people interested in Hatton
Fields. Which last-mentioned people were
assessed nothing at all for the opening
of a highway by which to reach their
homes. It is the device that was about to
be used two years ago when Councilman
Wood was so bent upon concreting San
Carlos full width from curb to curb clear
southward to the end of town, and Santa
Lucia clear down to the sea. And he
would have got away with it if the Santa
Lucia owners hadn't raised such a helluva-
rumpus that the Council got cold feet.

Now, if in truth the paving of a road is
in the public interest and for the public
convenience the cost of it must be borne

by the same public, and not by a few people. If you care to push this point up into a court where fundamental law rather than the precedents of minor jurisdictions obtain I think you would win; for it is easy to demonstrate that **personal** interest and convenience,—not the public,—was the motive of the paving of Carpenter Street, the concreting of downtown San Carlos, and the plowing up of the adequate surface of San Carlos south of Eighth Street.

Furthermore, in an investigation of the facts I think it would be disclosed that the property owners who got the concrete they were after paid an altogether too low proportion of the cost of the whole job; in other words, that the very people who did not want a new pavement were forced to pay for a large proportion of the concrete desired by only a few. But saying now, "Why, I was told that San Carlos was merely going to be patched and have a three-foot strip of new pavement similar to the old along each side to widen it," won't get you a thing, unless you want to go into the courts. You could have seen the drawings and detailed specifications under which it was purposed to let the contract if you had taken the trouble to do so; and these showed clearly that no such thing as you were told was going to happen;—that San Carlos from Eighth Street southward to the Town Line was to be entirely ripped up, regraded and newly paved. The drawings were very simple, and if you were doubtful of your ability to interpret them any carpenter or other mechanic you chose to take with you could have told you that the purpose of the Council was to lay an entirely new pavement.

I keep saying **you** could have done this, and **you** could have done that. Well, I'm in on this, too; I'm just as big a sucker as the rest of you. But I really have an alibi; all this happened while my wife and I were home in Massachusetts last summer. In fact I was even a bigger sucker than the rest. I wasn't just "told"; I was solemnly assured; and by three members of the Council I believed could be relied upon by the people,—Bonham, Gottfried and Mrs. Rockwell. Of course I never asked Jordan and Wood; we all know where they stand. They both hope to see this whole burg concreted from end to end. If you don't believe this the Committee of Forty will give you some inside dope. The joke is on me; and if it weren't for a certain Constitutional Amendment that I've seen mentioned several times in the papers lately I'd invite the whole town to have one.

As for me, *das macht nichts aus*; which is German for I don't give a damn. I get a great kick out of watching this game of O. P. M., — spending Other People's Money. Brought up from a kid in the construction business I had to watch closely the maneuvers of my competitors and the politicians. And now, sitting on the outside, looking in, the game is as

Poems . . .

WILD FLOWERS

There were wild cyclamen growing in the woods where we went;
Small wild iris, lupine, and blue brodiaea—
Purple-blue of hounds-tongue, black blue of wild larkspur—
The wild-lilac bushes went past us like clouds as we climbed
Lavender and blue, blue-white and white-blue;
Everything blue was in blossom that day—
Everything purple—every blue flower.
The sky bloomed over us, we breathed the blue spring air.

Firmly our feet pressed against the hard slopes of the hills,
Thrusting the hills under us, the hard ground behind us;
Twisting aside the wild-lilac bushes and toyone bushes,
Breaking away the branches of scrub oak that caught us,
The dead branches of the black oak that caught our hair,
Stooping our heads under low mahogany trees;
Clambering over rocky places, treading through soft places,
Through recesses of the hills, thick with fallen leaves—
Ground sinking under the foot with ages of dead leaves—
And came to a level, open space, plushy with carpet flowers;
Where rocks made a secret room, our mountain room—
Earth-floored, high house, with fir trees for columns!
Our blanket was spread out
On fir-twigs and heads of carpet flowers.
No one would ever come so far or so high
To know where we lay, to search out our bed.
A firm bed is the earth, the first bed.
Was it you who leaned over, or was it the sky leaned?
The blue sky came down and arched close over,
The fir trees bent over, you bent like the fir trees;
And I was the earth; the heavy stones rested in me,
The strong roots of the trees, the flowers nestled.

—Helen Hoyt

fascinating to watch as a play, and is well worth all it cost. I get more fun out of it than seeing one of your amateur stage performances; because the play-acting I know nothing about, while this other game I'm familiar with. And out here I don't need to sprain my brain following the plays. In the big cities they have the O. P. M. game down to a science; out here it is comparatively simple. In fact it's so simple that if we people of Carmel weren't even simpler it couldn't be played at all.

—clair foster

Concord Summer School of Music
Concord, Mass.

To the editor of The Carmelite:

I noticed a rather qualifying remark of yours recently about the performance of Stainer's "Crucifixion" recently given in Carmel. I feel so strongly that any chorus anywhere is capable of understanding and liking the best instead of the second best that I am writing to ask whether or not your local society has ever tried any really great music dealing with the same subject? As the greatest of all composers

has dealt with it perhaps you will permit me to suggest that another year your people might like to try Bach's interpretation. He has written at the close of the St. Matthew Passion—a chorus of profound significance and of great beauty. This is published by Novello and is called "Here yet awhile." Although it is written for double chorus it can be performed by using the first chorus only. There is one also at the end of the St. John Passion of Bach similar in character, but with different text; it is published in the same way—separately. If the first of these were taken it would be quite beautiful to have done also the solos and chorus just immediately preceding "Here yet awhile."

With these there should go some of the chorales from one of the two passions. If there were a tenor equal to them there are two magnificent choruses, nos. 25 and 26 (Novello ed.) with tenor solos that would round out the whole thing.

It would be quite fine if the chorus learned (for other occasions) such pieces as "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by Bach. But the amount of good music suitable for such an organization as yours is almost endless.

—Thomas Whitney Surette.



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THE IRISH REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT

By E. O'Malley

The struggle for freedom in Ireland has united men of all classes, trades, and professions. The feeling of comradeship fostered by trials, and cemented by suffering, has broken down social barriers. Our pacifists have become fighting pacifists.

During the last ten years great numbers of men and women have been arrested and sentenced to imprisonment in English or Irish gaols and have been held in internment camps. After the rebellion of 1916 over two thousand were given sentences varying from two years to life imprisonment. They were dispersed through the English prisons, and as their sentences were for hard labor, they were treated as criminals.

In these prisons men seem to have devised a scheme for the transformation of men into ciphers. The men were called not by name but by number, and were forbidden to speak. But the Irish prisoners resisted their imprisonment at every step. They learned to converse without moving their lips. Plans worked out in the stillness of the cells, were discussed as the men walked around the exercise ring in single file. The pipes running through the cells were utilized to transmit messages in Morse, and for those who did not understand the code, notes were passed by string from one cell window to another.

There were revolts, when the walls of the prison rang to the sound of broken glass and the smashing of the prison property. Some prisoners barricaded their cells and broke the partition walls. The men began to sing,—as singing was forbidden. When the revolt was quelled for a moment, and the men removed to punishment cells, it frequently broke out later, unabashed.

In Lewis Gaol the prisoners were employed in making sacking and mats. One prisoner managed to work the design of a British crown into his mats. Overcome by curiosity at this sudden loyalty of a rebel, a warden asked him why he had changed.

"What's the mat for?" asked the prisoner.

"To wipe your feet on," replied the warden.

"Well that's why I place it in the center."

He was not permitted to insert any more crowns.

In one internment camp in Wales the commandant ran things on military lines. Sentries paraded the platforms outside the barbed wire entanglements. At the time, conscription was being enforced in England, and in the camp were some London Irish who had crossed to Dublin in order to fight. The prison authorities tried to locate these prisoners. The men thereupon exchanged huts, altered their names,

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and refused to answer roll call. Eventually some of the men were located and removed to training camps, but the others remained undiscovered. Even after amnesty was granted, arrests continued in Ireland for singing songs, writing articles, and drilling in public.

In Marlborough Gaol there was a young man who had been sentenced for attempting to purchase arms from soldiers. He was placed in solitary confinement, but managed to smash cell after cell, until finally a special cell was built for him. He tore a series of straightjackets in which he was bound, and broke up the special cell.

On Easter day he asked for flowers and some bunches of grass. The warden complied with the request in the hope of soothing him. The boy barricaded his cell, tore a strip off his white shirt, and managed to sew on green branches and orange flowers, making the tri-colored republican flag. Attached to the handle of a broom it floated from the prison, in celebration of the anniversary of the Easter uprising.

In some prisons the men began to dig tunnels for escape. The gaols began to be like rabbit-warrens. The barbed-wire entanglements were moved back further and further by the authorities so that the tunnelling became laborious work. The earth had to be scraped away surreptitiously with a spoon or a fork, carried away in pockets, and inconspicuously emptied. When tunnels were discovered by the "enemy," as the British were called, they were blocked with barbed wire or asphyxiating gas; but the indomitable Irish would then simply tunnel at right angles to the danger spot and then proceed as before.

In one camp a wooden lathe was invented by the prisoners. They used this to make chessmen and other objects,—using bits of broom handle for their material. One day a gun-wagon was drawn into the camp. While the guards departed to inspect the sanitary system, the wagon was pulled between two huts by the Irish prisoners, out of view of the sentries. With dinner knives they then carved the wagon to bits, so that in twenty minutes not a trace of it remained. The escort hunted in vain; nobody had seen it.

At one time a file came into the gaol to arrest our Commandant in order to place him in the punishment cell, but he had disappeared. We were able to get men from wing to wing, unknown to the gaolers, who raided cells both by night and by day in vain. Still he could not be found. He had grown a beard and disguised himself; spent the greater portion of the day in his own wing, and even conducted a Spanish class there.

He was eventually captured and placed in a basement cell. But the men above him broke through the floor; hauled him up by means of their blankets, and he was at liberty in gaol once more.

We were free men at heart, with minds free to range outside our cells. Our gaolers on the contrary had to peep and pry. All their efforts were concentrated on the effort to crush us, to smash our resistance, and to prevent our escape. It was their minds which were imprisoned and confined. They were the prisoners, we the free, our positions reversed.

English and Irish gaols have proven that imprisonment does not curb a national spirit; it fosters it. Our gaolers had simply selected a company of some of the best and keenest of our boys, placing them together and giving them leisure to know one another, to coordinate their ideas, and to fan the flame of the spirit into a radiance in every direction.

APHRODITE ANADYOMENE

Weighed down with water, sail the clouds

Low in the skies like wind-blown shrouds;
The tide rolls high.

Wave squadrons, ceaseless, charge the strand,

Splashing their foam upon the sand,
Upon our feet where you and I pass by.

No human stirs on land and brine
But you and I, and you are mine;
Mine, as my soul,
My heart are mine: I cannot be
Without your own life's ministry.
You are to me creation, all and whole.

And as the mad waves touched our feet
With pearly foam, our eyes would meet,
By magic turned.
And deep into the golden cell
Of your dear heart a sparklet fell
From God's own fire. A flame sprang up
and burned.

—August C. Mahr.

LUNCHEON OR JUST LUNCH?

Affirmative comment came to us following last Saturday's Carmelite luncheon. "It was like the meetings of the Liberal Club we used to have in Chicago." "Or a symposium of the City Club," added another.

These meetings have become too large for the quiet and otherwise satisfactory quarters of the Old Cabin Inn. We shall have to lunch elsewhere next.

We hesitate in the choice. We particularly want to keep the price of the luncheon low,—which rules out the hotels equipped with generous dining rooms. We should like to avoid the elegance and grandeur of the typical lecture-luncheons of the east,—the smooth white formality of the table-damask, the pompousness of the introductory speeches.

We should like to feel it a simple putting together of heads over the table,—and no forbidding of elbows from the table either... as though we were intimates in an earnest and informal purposive discussion,—crumbling our bread a little as we talked.

PROVINCIALISM IN ART

Here, in the west, we have one great horror, that of being thought provincial or academic in matters of art. Our critical judgment, if we have any, is thereby dulled. Many so-called works of art are foisted on us in the name of modern art, which, if shown in New York or Paris, would receive sound and profound criticism either for or against. But out here these things are accepted, after a fashion, either in complete silence or in feeble murmurs of approval. Modern art, as in everything else, has its own critical standard which should be applied. There is certainly good modern art and bad modern art. Just because a work of art is incomprehensible and is served to us with much beating of the bass drum, this is not sufficient reason for us to accept it. When one sees a Brancusi with its perfection of form, one is appealed to emotionally as well as intellectually, and the emotional reaction, is, after all, the primary reason for plastic art. It is so ridiculous to say in regard to a given expression that you know it is great art but that you do not like it. That is immediately a confession that it does not appeal to you emotionally so therefore to you it is dead as a work of art.

The throwing off of one's environment for a borrowed theory is very dangerous to growth. However, the simplification of form, to any degree, as understood through environment and observation, is the legitimate growth of every art, especially the moderns who have a feeling for the deletion of the unessential, thereby heightening the emotional content. The greater the vacuum created within a work of art, or in other words, the more one can lose oneself imaginatively in a painting, the greater the æsthetic emotion. When everything is said and nothing is left to discover æsthetically, we have a poor or inferior form.

Man may have many ideas on metaphysics or mathematics and feel he personally desires to express them in visual art rather than in a literary form or in some other form. To him this expression may be a great liberation, and thoroughly sincere. But is he using the best medium to express his ideas? It would be very difficult if with every work of art we had to peruse several volumes on metaphysics in order to enjoy the expression of a given man. However, any idea is legitimate in art if expressed in true plastic form. The crime comes when form is sacrificed to ideas.

In the final analysis, there are only two kinds of art—good and bad. The much ill-used term, "modern art" needs classifying—it simply means contemporary art. And the man who paints from within and not from any superimposed theory or school is the true modern, because he is an adventurer in art, not held by tradition.
—Peggy Boynton.

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IRONWORK

World News

An eastern daily newspaper has just been discovered to be owned by a leading paper manufacturing concern.

The paper concern is controlled by the electric power trust.

The power trusts oppose state ownership of power; have been the subject of serious disclosures regarding their control of the school books used in public schools, and their peculiar habit of engaging the lecture services of university professors. Editorial wastebaskets are cluttered up,—and often the columns of their newspapers also,—in California and elsewhere with the propaganda of the power trust against state and municipal ownership of utilities.

When the paper mills owned by the electric power trust also own the newspapers...

Meanwhile the newspaper so owned has become the subject of federal investigation, to ascertain whether such a uni-lateral trust is permissible under the anti-trust laws.

* * * *

On the other hand, may we not begin to alter our theory of the trust? History, and the practical behavior of American business men, are already altering it. Also there is a logical next step for Big Business to take.

The machine age; mass production, and the logic of producing and selling, demand that in the next era the trust shall be carried out to the nth degree. It is logical that the paper mills shall own the newspapers; that the electric power interests shall own the paper mills; that any trust industrial or otherwise, shall attempt to own the government which legislates and administers for or against its interests.

It is mere moralizing to attempt to legislate against it. It is useless to legislate against the good sense of business logic.

The anti-trust laws have become mere sentimentality. All there is left for the big interests to do, is to circumvent them. It was bad economic psychology which led us to label such circumvention "corruption"—just as it was bad human psychology to label the natural behavior of man "sin."

The discovery of the principle of cooperation involved our ultimate discovery of the logic of the total unification of business,—of the possession of the land, the production of the raw materials from it; the control of the labor involved in this production; in the ownership of the means of distribution,—from railroads to newspapers,—and the safeguarding of this unity of interest by the control of governments and of popular opinion through schools, institutions, and newspapers.

* * * *

The Hoover administration should perhaps

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frankly set about achieving this unification.

One concomitant of such unimpeded crystallization will naturally be the discovery of the good sense of world unity and world peace by the very interests which have formerly thwarted it. With business operating under an international chain system, the causes of war (all but over-population) will have been removed.

Or rather, wars will be waged, not by one nation against another; but by, let us say, one oil company operating on three continents, against another company wishing to increase its field. Eventually they will find it more sensible to join forces peacefully in a world-trust. In this way they can better keep prices high and stable.

But after the age of the trust, the complete unification of the world's goods in one possessive organization... then what?

THE WORLD YOUTH PEACE CONFERENCE

For the first time in the history of the world youth of all nations and colonies have met to consider the causes of war, and youth's place in bringing world peace. The Russian delegates were excluded by the German and Holland governments, which refuse to give them visas, but otherwise all parts of the world were represented. America was represented by eighty delegates, six of which were from Southern California. Europe sent 350 delegates; Asia was represented by fifty; Canada and South America by twenty. America sent college students and graduates in the main, but Europe sent workers more generally. There were fifty delegates from Germany and fifty press reporters. There were ten Communists delegates from Germany, two from France, and two from England, and a great number of Society Democrats, Vegetarians, Socialists, and 'back to nature' groups. The extreme right and the extreme left were both represented as well as the middle-of-the-roadsers."

Some left the Congress feeling that it was a failure, because it did not accomplish the things it set out to do. The 500 youth present did not agree upon a solution to the problem of World Peace; quite true. In fact, they were in violent disagreement in most of the commissions and large sessions of the Congress. The commissions on Economics, Politics, Religion, Education, Races and Minorities did not present academic reports on the causes of war from these various points of view, nor did they present brilliant solutions to the problems they considered. Much of the time in large sessions was consumed in wrangling over small points, and a great deal of time was wasted in long discussions on the method of procedure. The communists were given far too much time for the exposition of their ideas in comparison to their numbers, and they succeed in blockading action on resolutions several times.

But the main work of the congress was not done in the Commissions, nor in the large plenary sessions. The great benefit came from the individual contacts and discussions, the small groups, the campfires, the festivals, and the small committees working unofficially on problems of interest. This first Congress of youth set out to do too much; the organizers were too ambitious and optimistic. They expected too much agreement and action from young people divided for centuries by different customs, traditions, languages, and problems. They set 500 strangers to discussing the causes of war and youth's solution. Of course, these strangers didn't get very far in the discussion, nor did they reach any great conclusions, but better understanding of the world situation came as a by-product. The Americans got a panoramic view of Europe in nine days, in which the problem of maintaining peace was demonstrated as well as discussed. They saw the German mind at work in contrast to the French mind. During those nine days they saw reality contradict theory, thoughtful opinion challenge prejudice, communism question capitalism, socialism defy nationalism. This congress did at least one great thing,—it stated the problem of workers for peace and gave some idea of its magnitude, which I venture to say, has greater proportions than most American idealists realize. To see the problem is the first step. Practical action is the next step.

—Chester Williams.

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—(From the Druid, Pittsburgh.)

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The Youngest Set

He was more than ever at the awkward age that evening. He tripped over the corner of the rug; he tipped a cup handle at the dinner table with his elbow; and he tripped three times over his mother's ankles. Too much for even maternal love, at the end of an imperfect day.

"Can't you look where you're walking?" she at last cried in exasperated tones.

The lad, himself the sufferer that nature has decreed a period of ungainliness upon the youth at its most sensitive age, cried back in desperation, "O, you don't talk to me like a mother at all. You talk just as though I were a NORPHAN!"

IN CARMEL

one can still come upon Bettie Greene in her old felt hat ambling along a quiet road in a buggy, the reins held loose.

it is still good form to wear dusty shoes. And anyone wearing formal gloves is likely to be taken for an out-of-town visitor.

the Seven Arts cat proceeds with dignity all by himself along the main street, unperturbed and undisputed. Now and then he takes a look in at the editorial offices of the leading newspapers, and selects for repose a nice quiet shelf housing back issues. The fact of the matter is that he is on volume two number seven right this minute, and purring like anything. Our editorial efforts do not, it is evident, go altogether unappreciated.



from a linoleum cut by A. C. Mahr

BEACH RIDE

No greater joy on sea or land
Than trotting my horse on the firm beach sand.

At times he flinches, as he fears
The sweeping waves and points his ears.

And turns his head to the unknown things,
To the monstrous mirror that roars and swings.

And I pat his neck, and I stroke his mane.
At the next big wave he flinches again.

I blame you not, I am just like you,
Whenever fate strikes, I flinch anew.

—August C. Mahr.



Fares cut 60% May 10

Roundtrip tickets for 60% of the regular one way fare—Good in Pullmans.

This means that if the one way fare is \$10 you will be able to make the roundtrip for \$6.00.

In effect between any two points on Southern Pacific's Pacific Lines. Minimum roundtrip fare 50 cents.

On sale Friday, May 10. Trip must be started that day. Return limit midnight, Tuesday, May 14.

The "Last Spike" will never be driven

*—Southern Pacific still
building with the West*

The 60th anniversary of the driving of the Golden Spike, May 10, Southern Pacific's Golden Jubilee, finds this western railroad still building. Weaponed with crude tools, courage and vision, the early pioneer had hand-carved a way to the new West. With the vision of the pioneer, the West has carried on, and with it, step by step, Southern Pacific has built.

In the last five years Southern Pacific has built more new line than any other railroad in the United States.

In fifteen years Southern Pacific

has built 1481 miles of new line at a cost of 88 million dollars. Of this, 40 million dollars has been spent in Northern California and Oregon.

Through the barrier of the mighty Cascades it has created a new north and south railway. It has double-tracked its OVERLAND ROUTE line over the Sierra. A new main line has been built through Arizona. From Wendel, California, to Lakeview, Oregon, has been broad-gauged.

Now Southern Pacific is completing a short line transcontinental railway through Southern Oregon and Northern California. The Cascade line of the SHASTA ROUTE



and the OVERLAND ROUTE will be connected.

From less than 700 miles in 1869 to 16,520 miles today is but one way of recording Southern Pacific's 60 years of work.

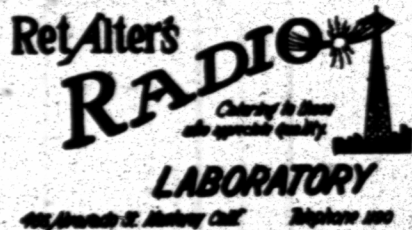
Behind this cold fact of miles built is the epic story of the development of the West. A story of progress indelibly written in the traditions of the West.

*Across the
desert—direct
to Phoenix*



Southern Pacific

TUNE IN Southern Pacific's Golden Jubilee Program, featuring Reinald Werrenrath. Stations KPO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSL. A prize of \$100 to the boy or girl, 18 or under, who sends in the best written report of the program.



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